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THE Polit. Pamph. vol. 44

C R I S I S.

Now or Never:

ADDRESSED TO THE
PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.
CONCLUDING WITH A
Poetical INVOCATION
TO THE
GENIUS OF ENGLAND:
WITH A
Word of ADVICE to the C--- M-----.

The Pull be long, and strong, NOW pull with all,
See! at your Feet Corruption's Hydra fall.
See! rous'd *Britannia*, heal'd each closing Wound,
Spring like *Antæus* strength'n'd from the Ground.
See! new-born Health relume her gladd'n'd Face,
And wonted Valour wash out past Disgrace.
Soon the *French* Lilies their sick Heads shall droop,
Soon the proud Dons to *British* Valour stoop.

By a GLOUCESTERSHIRE FREEHOLDER.

L O N D O N:

Printed for CHARLES RIVINGTON, in *Staining-lane*, near *Cheapside*.

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WHAT OF CLEVERNESS

PEOPLE OF EGYPT

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FOOTNOTES

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GENERAL INVESTIGATIVE DIVISION

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

L O N D O N

T H E
C R I S I S.

LET an *Englishman* reflect one Moment on the present calamitous Situation of his Country, and the glorious Situation that Country was in some few Years ago, and without the least Pretence to the Spirit of Divination, he must immediately conclude, either that the Hand of Providence hath been mighty in bringing about this great and wonderful Change to humble our Pride, and to give us as a dreadful Example of Distress to the neighbouring Nations: or ~~there~~ hath happened, by a strange Concurrence of Circumstances, a great Diminution of national Spirit, a prodigious Decay of that Genius and Courage which lately, very lately, so eminently distinguished this little Island above all the other Parts of the Globe; or that the Body politic, like a Body natural, is on the Decline, full of Disease, and in the last Stage of a Consumption; or that the Men who have governed the Business of the State have been inadequate to their Appointments, and unqualified for the important Trust reposed in them. Not being one of those four disconsolate Mortals, who always think the Times they live in the worst and most abandoned, (doubtless there have been Periods of the *English* History marked with as deep Hues of Flagitiousness even as the present) I shall not be so superstitious as to impute our Misfortunes to the immediate Vengeance of Heaven.

The Pulse of the Nation still beats high Life, and the old *English* Spirit wants nothing but Opportunity to exert itself with its wonted Energy. We cannot, therefore, with any Shadow of Reason, assign our Distress to a want of Courage, and a general Dearth of Merit in the Kingdom. The Constitution, though shaken and greatly debilitated, hath good Stamina, and with all her Infirmities is still recoverable, with the due Application of proper Remedies, and a new Portion of Health infused into her Veins: It cannot, therefore, be owing to any Deficiency in that Point. 'Tis evident then, beyond a Doubt, clear as the clearest Proposition in *Euclid*, that bad Conduct alone at the Helm hath been the great influential Cause which hath plunged us into all our Difficulties.

The Prosperity or Misery of a Country depends on its good or bad Administration. The grand Criterion of the Minister's Abilities, is the Condition of the People. If the People are in flourishing Circumstances, quiet, and obedient to the Laws, active in Business, of a cheerful Countenance, in Union at Home, and respected Abroad, we may fairly conclude that the Guides are *able and honest*, Men of Judgment and Integrity, *and fit to be employed*: On the other hand, if the People are generally dissatisfied, full of Murmuring and Discontent; if they speak contemptuously of their Rulers, and not over respectfully of their Chief Magistrate; if they abound in dismal Conjecture, and mutual Distrust; should there be at the same Time a prodigious Decay of Trade, distressful Diminution of Specie, vast Accumulation of Taxes, lavish Expenditure of the publick Money, with a long Train of disastrous Events, treading on the Heels of one another for a Length of Years, we may pronounce, without the least Danger of having the Integrity of our Judgment questioned, that the Administration is weak, insufficient, and injudiciously appointed.

Are we not precisely under the dismal Predicament depicted above? Can History produce an Instance of so sudden and so rapid a Declension, as the Annals of the present Ministry will transmit to Posterity? What was this Nation twenty Years ago, in point
of

of external as well as internal Influence? in point of foreign as well as domestick Weight? Why, confessedly the greatest, the most powerful, the most respectable Nation in the World. What is it now? Why, confessedly the most exhausted, the most ill-used, and the most discontented Nation in *Europe*. Whence this sudden Transition from Greatness to Meanness, from Splendor to Contempt? What can it be owing to? Not to want of Men or Money, the internal Strength of the Kingdom was never so great, and the Treasury never so profusely supplied. It cannot be owing to national Despondency, and an Extinction of the old *British* Spirit; the gallant Conduct at Fort *Omoa*, and the soldierly Behaviour at the *Savannah*, reprobate the degrading Idea. The Reason is clearly this—We are most egregiously deficient in the discerning Faculty. We want Judgment to direct the great Mass of Power inherent in the Nation. The *Vis Consilii expers* never operated with such powerful Evidence of INABILITY, as during the present Direction of Affairs. We reprobate the M——, not for want of Honesty, but for want of common Discretion; not for Rashness and too daring Enterprize, but for Timidity, and uncommon Deficiency of Spirit; not for personally embezzling the publick Treasure, but for notorious and scandalous Misapplication of it; not for deliberate Combination against the Interest of their Country, but for Incapacity to manage and direct that Interest to the best Advantage; not for wilfully clogging the Wheels of Government, but for want of Sagacity to put them in proper Motion, and give the great Machine of State its full Force and Energy; we reprobate them for reducing this once opulent Country to Indigence, for obstinately persevering in a Plan of Management apparently big with inevitable Ruin; in short, for total Insufficiency and Unworthiness to govern. Hath not every Effort operated as Weakness under their Direction? Hath not every Undertaking terminated in eventual Impotence? Had the King of *France* himself nominated a P——, and appointed an A——n; had *Frenchmen* themselves governed the Kingdom for seven Years last past, they could not have more assiduously and more systema-

tically promoted the Interest of the House of *Bourbon*, than the Set of unprosperous Beings employed at present.

The *French* Cabinet wished for nothing so ardently as the Disjunction of the Colonies from the Parent State. Have not the present M——y stretched every Nerve of their Power, exhausted every Mode of Resource, to accelerate this Plan? Have they not spent forty Millions of Money, sacrificed fifty thousand Men, in unremittingly endeavouring to accomplish this capital Object, this grand *Desideratum* of *French* Politicks? They have at length completed their System, to the eternal Disgrace of their Country, and to the everlasting Reprobation of the Politicks of the Times, that could suffer an abandoned M—— to go such Lengths without Controul.

It was a leading Point in View in the *French* Government, to gain Time and Opportunity, to increase and strengthen their Marine. They knew very well that *Great-Britain* owes all her Importance, nay, her very Existence as a great commercial Nation, to her Superiority by Sea: To check this Supremacy was the *Ultimatum* of their Wishes; it was an Object worthy of the Attention of the great *Sartine*. Every Sinew of the State was stretched to accomplish this important End. Our good-natured M——s, as if they had been really Natives of *France*, have virtually aided and assisted them to the utmost of their Power, in this destructive Undertaking. They foolishly negotiated, when they should have fought. They were lulled by false Promises, and a ridiculous Idea of empty Expedients, when they should have armed and boldly hurled out Defiance. They suffered the Enemy to increase their Navy to its present formidable Magnitude, and unpardonably neglected their own, under the vain Presumption that they would connive at the *American* Conquest. The *French* undoubtedly encouraged the *Spanish* Mediation. How greedily did the Ministers swallow the Bait? How were they lulled with the Blandishments of the cunning *Almadovor*? Their Point was to gain Time, and fall with double and united Force on a distracted and impoverished Kingdom, dismantled of her veteran
Troops,

Troops, panicked with the *Dread* of an Invasion, and intimidated with a superior Fleet, and to end it at a Blow. Errors in Judgment may be venial in one or two repeated Instances, but nineteen Efforts in twenty damned with constant Miscarriage, the Bigotry of a *Romish* Priest would scarcely absolve. Can an injured Nation then acquiesce? Hath she not a Right to complain, to remonstrate, to apply to the Feelings of the ----, and beg Redress? Weak Men and bad Measures have frequently plunged this Kingdom into perilous Situations; but the Genius of the Land, the Vigour of the Constitution, and speedy Alteration of Conduct, hath still preserved us from sinking.

The K--- of E----- is generally allowed to be honest, to possess a good Heart, to love his Country, and would not wish to stretch one Fibre of the Prerogative beyond its legal Length: But was not his Youth tainted with early Prejudice? Was not he largely sprinkled with the *unhallowed* Water of Party? Hath not his Disposition taken a Bias unfortunate to the true Interest of his Country? How otherwise can we account for his inflexible Attachment to a Set of Men, who seem to have been produced on the Stage of Action by Providence on purpose to humble the Pride of the Nation, and disgrace the Name of B-----. The sensible Kings of *England*, when the Tide of Popularity ran high in Disfavour of Men employed, and Measures pursued; when Uneasiness and reiterated Blunder demonstrated their Insufficiency, wisely listened to the Exigences of the Times, and changed them; by this Conduct they saved the Nation, and preserved the Dignity of the Empire. Those who have been weak and stubborn enough to persevere in Plans evidently destructive to the very Being of the Constitution, have deservedly felt the Vengeance of an injured People. Is there an *Englishman* that doth not approve of the Deposition of a *Richard* the Second, the Humiliation of a *Charles* the First, and a Banishment of a *James* the Second? Opposition hath been calumniated as a Faction: The Men in that Line have been represented as Enemies to their Country, as Promoters of Rebellion, as Betrayers of the Secrets of the Nation, as Impediments in the
Wheels

Wheels of Government, in short, as the Authors of all the Misfortunes the Country groans under.

Let the Reader take this Observation by the way (and the universal Evidence of History verifies the Truth of it) the most flagitious Administrations that have ever disgraced the Annals of this Country, have always been the most profuse and illiberal in the Abuse of their Opponents. How did the Courtiers in the Days of *Charles* the First reprobate and blacken the Men who dared to resist the Torrent of Despotism, which had well nigh deluged the Kingdom? How virulently did the Tories at the latter End of *Queen Anne's* Reign vilify and defame the Whigs, for endeavouring to save their Country from the baneful Influence which too visibly operated in favour of the abdicated Family. All Opposition to a good Administration is confessedly wicked and factious; but Opposition to a bad Administration is not only commendable, but the very Essence of Patriotism, and the greatest Effort of publick Spirit that can possibly show itself for the Benefit of the Country. Can the most sanguine Partizan of the present Administration presume to say, that it hath been good? By what Test, by what Criterion are we to judge of the Word good? If bad Success in almost every Undertaking, unexampled Misapplication of the publick Money, unfortunate Choice of Commanders in naval and military Appointments, be a convincing Proof of a good Administration, there never was a better than the present: If loading the Nation with Taxes almost unsupportable, if dismembering the Empire of her best and most profitable Appendages, losing her important Islands, suffering the Navy of *England* to be insulted in the Channel, for want of a proper Force to chastise the Insolence of the Enemy, and the Kingdom to labour under the Horrors of an Invasion; if these are strong Evidences of a good and able Administration, there never was a better and abler than the present. If sinking this once flourishing Country from the highest Pitch of Glory and Importance, to the lowest Ebb of Inconsequence and Debility; if clipping the Wings of Commerce, impeding Trade, dispeopling the
the

the Manufactories for want of Employment, spreading a general Face of Poverty all over the Community; if increasing and abetting an unconstitutional Influence in the Crown, lowering the landed Property at least one fourth in Value, making the Government ridiculous Abroad, and contemptible at Home; if these are powerful Symptoms of a vigorous and manly Administration, *England* never had a more vigorous and manly one than the present.

It hath been objected to Opposition, that by Misrepresentation, Exaggeration, and inflammatory Discourses, they have greatly contributed to increase the Calamities of their Country. If to censure Measures demonstrably inimical to the true Interest of this Country, and which Measures fatally persevered in have brought us to the very Brink of Destruction; if this be Misrepresentation, Opposition must plead guilty. If to paint the Distresses of the Kingdom in true, but glowing Colours; to lament the want of Vigour and Decision in our Plans; if to preach up Oeconomy and publick Reformation; if to combat the present calamitous System with Ardour, as big with inevitable Ruin; if this is Exaggeration, Opposition is culpable. If to rouse the People to a proper Feeling of their dangerous Situation; if to give them an adequate Idea of their own Importance and *Consequence* in the Scale of Government; if this be to inflame, and incite to Sedition, Opposition must plead guilty.

But, say the present Men in Power, though we have been confessedly guilty of more Blunders than any of our Predecessors; though every Enterprize hath miscarried under our Direction; though we have professedly squandered away the publick Money, yet it is extremely wrong and impolitick in Opposition to abuse and censure our Conduct, as it is only exposing the Nakedness of the Country to the Enemy, degrading us in the Eyes of *Europe*; in short, it is palpably bedaubing our own Nests. An excellent Argument this in favour of blundering, corrupt Ministers; for the more weak and incompetent they are, the more it is our Duty to acquiesce and confide in their Conduct. Their very Folly and
Imprudence

Imprudence is their Sanction, and Exemption from Censure. The *Turks* have a strange Veneration for Idiots, they think them the peculiar Favourites of Heaven, and almost pay them divine Honours; if the People of *England* were *Mahometans*, they might then indeed, under the Authority of Prescription, with some Shadow of Reason commend and admire their present Governors; but as they are, or at least profess themselves to be Christians, they are bound, by every Impulse of national Indignation, to reject and abominate them.

Nothing shows the Degeneracy of this Country so strongly, nothing exhibits such powerful Symptoms of its approaching Dissolution, as the intemperate Zeal which hath lately appeared in a certain Set of Men, not only to depreciate and disgrace the Word Patriot, and to make it a Term of Reproach, but to impede the Operation of the Principle, and to quench every Spark of publick Zeal. The Moment a Man hath Spirit and Honesty enough to dissent from the Majority, and to speak his Sentiments freely of the Calamities of the Times, that Moment he labours under the Ignominy of being called a Patriot. This Idea, in its present Latitude of Interpretation, is of most dreadful Extent; it involves in its Vortex every Thing that is detrimental to the Constitution, every Thing that is unfriendly to the King; it supposes an Inclination to overturn the settled Establishment, and once more to introduce Anarchy and Confusion into the State. How low will the evil Spirit of Party sink this once respectable Country? Can it be conceived, that a large Body of Men of the most distinguished Abilities, of the first Fortunes and Families in the Kingdom, Men well educated, full of the generous Spirit of their Ancestors, well principled in the Knowledge of the Constitution, well acquainted with its Laws, Dependencies, and Connexions, well accomplished in the Politicks of past Times, well read in the different Views and Schemes of the separate States of *Europe*, not solicitous to degrade the present Men because they want their Places, but because the Places loudly call for them, because the Necessity of the Times demands Spirit and Decision, not mean

mean and temporizing when out of Power, nor proud and overbearing when in, whose Fathers and Grandfathers were the great Abettors of the Revolution, and who have eminently signalized themselves in their Attachment to the Family on the Throne: Can we suppose, I say, that a Set of Men of this known Pre-eminence and acknowledged Consequence, can deliberately and on fixed steady Plan enter into a Combination against the Welfare and Being of their Country? Can they be in their Hearts real Enemies to the Constitution, Traitors to their King, in short, Rogues and Rascals of the first Magnitude? Nothing but the extreme Rancidity of Party, in its first Decoction of Malignity, could possibly broach so diabolical an Idea.

The grand Test and Touchstone of Character is Conduct and Action. Have not these Men uniformly and steadily opposed all the Measures which have proved so glaringly destructive to this Nation? Did they not reprobate the *American* War in every Stage of it progressively, from its first unhappy Commencement to its present Maturity of Misfortunes? Have they not perpetually urged the Necessity of Accommodation, and the Expediency of withdrawing the Troops, and of turning the Force of the Kingdom against its natural Foe the *French*? Did they not foresee and forewarn the Minister of the fatal League of Amity between *France* and *America*, long before the Treaty was ratified? Was there not a Moment of Reconciliation then open, and how ardently were the Men in Power pressed by them to seize it? Did they not clearly see through the then transparent Conduct of the shuffling *Almodovar*? Did they not urge the Necessity of vigorous Measures, and denounce the inevitable subsequent Operation of the Family Compact? Is there an *Englishman*, with a Ray of Intellect, but must acknowledge, that if either or any of the above Plans had been pursued, this Country would not have worn the melancholy Aspect it doth at present.

It hath been asked, with an Air of Triumph, and with an Assurance ominous, I think, to the Dignity of this Country, if the present Set of Men were turned out, where could a better be

found? We answer, resting the Assertion on the Evidence of their own Conduct, and the pernicious Consequences that have invariably attended that Conduct, that it is impossible to find out a worse; the whole History of *England* cannot produce a worse. What constitutes the Difference between a good and a bad A-----n? Doubtless the Condition of the People, and the Situation the Nation is in respecting foreign and domestick Affairs. Were the People ever in more deplorable Circumstances than at present? Did they ever groan under such a heavy Load of Misfortunes? When was the Nation in such Peril, and so near a Precipice? There never was an Idea broached by the wildest Fanaticks of Party, so full of degrading Implication, so big with general national Defamation as this; it effectually puts *Caligula's* dreadful Wish into Operation, and at one Stroke extirpates all the Virtue in the Kingdom. Is the Dearth of Merit so great, as there cannot be found out an abler Financier than -----, a more active and better instructed first Lord of the ----- than -----, a more discerning and more spirited Minister of State than -----? If these are the first Rate Characters in the Kingdom, the Cream and Quintessence of national Excellence, alas! my Country, to what a low Ebb of Humiliation art thou fallen?

If Ministers are responsible to the King and People for their Conduct, as the Spirit of the Constitution loudly declares, it is inconceivable how the present Men can presume to attempt exculpating themselves. If they alledge in their Favour, that they have acted to the best of their Knowledge, and to the utmost Extent of their Abilities, we know from fatal Experience that their Knowledge hath operated as Ignorance, and their Abilities and Efforts have ended in Weakness. If they say that all sublunary Projects and Schemes are subject to Accident, and that they could not command Events, it is answered, that all ill-concerted Plans that wear the strong and evident Marks of Disappointment and bad Construction in the Face of them, most commonly miscarry, and end unfortunately. If they complain that the Men they have employed have deceived them, and not executed their Orders, doth

it

it not show great want of Discernment and Judgement to choose Men of proper Capacities, and with Abilities consonant to their Employments? If they impute their Miscarriages to the turbulent Spirit of Opposition, the Accusation is false, they have foretold every Misfortune that hath happened to them, and cautioned them against prosecuting Schemes so palpably detrimental to the Welfare of their Country. There remains, therefore, no Palliative for their Conduct, but Ignorance or Dishonesty; their worst Enemies exempt them from the last, their warmest Advocates saddle them with the first Imputation.

Would it be prudent in a Father of a Family, if his only Son was ill with a dreadful Fever, to send for a Physician to attend him, who was never known to save a Patient, and who was remarkable for the fatal Misapplication of Medicine? Would it be wise in a Man, who had a Suit of Law depending, on the Success or Miscarriage of which his whole Fortune ultimately rested, would it be wise, I say, in this Man to employ a Lawyer chronicled for Blunder, reprobated for Mistake, who never was known to gain a Cause for his Client? Would it be commendable in a General of an Army to commission an Officer to conduct an important Enterprize, on the proper Management of which the whole Fate of the War depended, notorious for Incapacity and precipitate Behaviour, and who was never known to have done a gallant Action? Can it then be Wisdom in a sensible People, and a well-meaning King, to continue in Employment a Set of Men, who by Blunders and bad Conduct have plunged their Country into such a dreadful Situation, that one Blunder more of Magnitude most probably will sink it beyond Redemption?

The mean, dastardly Spirit that dictated the Peace of *Paris*, hath lately operated in the Councils of this Kingdom, ever since that precipitate Measure. The hasty Resignation of all our glorious Conquests, too plainly indicates our Incapacity for Negotiation. Emerging from the Ashes of Destruction, the *French* soon after insulted us at *Turk's Island*, and the *Spaniard* braved us at *Falkland's Island*. All *Europe* was astonished at the Tameness of the

British Government : But Peace at any Rate, Peace, even under publick Infamy, was the Determination of the Cabinet. The Variety of Administrations that succeeded one another, after the Accession of his present ----- to the Throne, too plainly demonstrate the Influence of Favouritism. At length one was made up of the Lumber of all Parties, collected from the Shreds and tattered Remnants of broken Connexions, and disappointed Expectancy : It was a Compound of rank Toryism, and apostate desultory Whiggism. What could be expected from this discordant Assemblage but Indecision, crude undigested Schemes, a perpetual Fluctuation between Weakness and Rashness, between violent precipitate Measures, and low Submission ? A Chief was wanting to head this motley Crew : Stand forth, -----, for thou art the Man. This unhappy Figure has long been the swaggering ostensible Punch on the Stage of A-----n, to answer for the Conduct of the subordinate Puppets employed under him, though all his Motions have by some been conjectured to have been directed by a chief Juggler behind the Scenes. His Talents were supposed to be great in Finance, but how have they operated ? In Taxes unprofitable, in Funds unproductive. What Plan hath been pursued, what Measure adopted, what Scheme undertaken, to relieve the Necessities of the Country ? With an Indolence of Temper that would disgrace a Taylor, dishonour a Monk ; with a Supineness of Soul that would scarce take the Pains of ascending a Hill half a Mile high, though sure to gain Heaven at the Summit ; this Man hath had the Weakness and Presumption to take upon him the Government of a great Empire, in perilous Times, which demanded first-rate Abilities, the quickest Dispatch, and the most consummate Intrepidity ; with a Compass of Intellect well enough, indeed, adapted to the Drudgery of the Treasury, and the laborious Investigation of Ways and Means, but infinitely too narrow and contracted for the great comprehensive Scope of Government ; with not one fifteenth Part of the Spirit of a *Chatbam*, one tenth of the Judgment of a *Cecil*, not half the financial Merit of a *Grenville* ; with all the smooth accommodating Accomplish-
ments

ments of a *Walpole*, without his Abilities; he hath had the fatal Resolution (fatal indeed to this Country) to persevere in the Direction of the Affairs of the Realm against the avowed Indignation of the People, against the strong and reprobating Evidence of a long Series of successive Misfortunes, against the Clamours of an incensed Nation, that stands aghast at her present dreadful Situation, and looks on him as the Author of the vast and complicated Ruin; with a Heart perhaps not deliberately bad, with a Line of Conduct perhaps not designedly inimical to his Country, his Heart and his Conduct have acted virtually and eventually as if both had been dishonest; and Posterity will be apt to call that Treachery, which we conjecture to be Ignorance; deem that a fixed regularly-planned Conspiracy against the Welfare and Honour of the Nation, which we Moderns esteem to be simple Incapacity.

With a Texture of Disposition quite different from the common Mass of Mankind, serious even to melancholy on Trifles, but jocular to indecent Intemperance on Subjects of the deepest Importance, he blubbered in the Senate at the Loss of a Son, a common Accident, but laughed at the Loss of thirteen Provinces, a Wound in the Vitals of his Country, which admits of no Reparation, profuse in Promise, unpunctual in Performance, a Slave to the Mandates of the first M-----, though in Show and outward Profession the Friend of the People, able enough at the common Routine of trivial official Business, but lost and bewildered in Debates on the weighty Concerns of the State: For puny Device, for underhand Jobb, for latent Practice, few Ages can produce his equal; but weigh him in the great Scale of Politicks, take him in the Knowledge of the true Interest of his Country, in forming a proper Arrangement of Measures, in discerning the different Views and Plans of the separate States of *Europe*, in giving the Force of the Nation its full Vigour and due Operation, in making the best Use of Time and Circumstance, in seizing Opportunity with Sagacity and Spirit, no Period in the Compass of History can produce a first Manager so capitally deficient. His Views extend no farther than the annual Supplies; and provided the Nation will put Money
liberally

liberally into the Purse of the Treasury, like honest *Iago* in the Play, he seems not to care how or by what Means.

The unconstitutional Influence of the Crown hath swelled under him to such an alarming Magnitude, as justly rouses every true Lover of Freedom; and the fatal Period so often foretold, and so much dreaded by our provident Ancestors, seems to be approaching with hasty Strides, which hath been pronounced by the great Oracle of modern Politicks, the sage *Montesquieu*, to be the sure and convincing Prognostick of the Dissolution of the Liberty of this Country, when the legislative shall become as corrupt as the executive Body.—*Actum est de Republicâ.*

It hath been conjectured, that he plunged into the *American* War point blank against his own Opinion. This deepens his Cul-
pability exceedingly; to act boldly and decidedly against the strong Remonstrances of Conscience, argues much Depravity of Heart. Why did he consent to be the ostensible Leader of a Measure he knew to be destructive to the Interest of his Country? Why did he not reprobate the Idea, and resign? The detestable Ministers of old, the *Veres* and the *Spencers*, the infamous Ministers of more modern Date, the *Buckinghams* and *Straffords*, resolutely and without Reserve persevered in a Line of Conduct declaredly subversive of the Constitution: They were checked in their Career, and punished. This Man, by a Collusion of Behaviour unexampled, with a Speciousness of Probity wonderfully captivating, hath found Means so far to dazzle the Eyes, and lull the Understandings of the Guardians of the People, that a great Majority of them have not only connived at, but co-operated with him, in promoting his pernicious Schemes. This some may impute to secret Influence, to *Douceur*, to the venal Principle of Accommodation; but for the Honour of our Countrymen, we shall conclude it to be totally owing to the uncommon Deception, and supreme Duplicity of the Man. Be that as it may, his ----- will descend to Posterity, with such flagrant Conviction of Misconduct, so big and heavy loaden with dreadful Events, that the Readers of the Transactions of present Times will instantly conclude, without
doing

doing the least Violence to their Judgments, that the worst M----- that have disgraced this Kingdom by bad Management, are Feathers in the Scale of malignant Influence, when compared with him.

It hath long been a favourite Observation with this Gentleman, in a certain great Assembly, that *Great-Britain* never exerts herself to the full Extension of her Faculties, till in the Hour of Distress? Was the Distress of this Nation ever greater than at present? At what Period since the Conquest did we labour under such a Complication of Misfortunes? Hath the noble ---- designedly trifled with the Kingdom, plunged it into Difficulties, in order to show his Adroitness and Ingenuity in extricating it from the Gulph? The increased Hilarity of his Countenance, and the uncommon Vivacity of his Mien, that discover themselves when about to unfold some dreadful Disaster that hath befallen his Country, would seem to authorise this Conjecture, but for the Credit of Humanity we will impute this *outré* eccentrick Deportment to an Affectation of false Spirits, and to the Tartoofoe Principle so predominant in his Character. His Friends extol him exceedingly for settling the *Irish* Affairs so judiciously, and with so much Facility; they are profuse in his Panegyrick on this Point. It was impossible for the Intellect of the dullest Samoeide to have doubted one Moment what Line of Conduct was proper to pursue on this Occasion. It would have been Madness extreme, resisting a Torrent, fighting a Whirlwind, to have opposed them. Will the Sugar Plumb of *Irish* Accommodation sweeten the Bitterness of this long A-----? Shall one Act of common Sense atone for seven Years Infatuation? Can any Thing show his Inability stronger than that this Nation should be sunk so low, and become so humble under his -----, as to be obliged to obey the Mandates of *Ireland*?

I have no Spleen to the Man, confess to have had a Predilection in his Favour, have shed the Unction of Applause over his Conduct, with many other of my misguided Countrymen; but the *Englishman* who can applaud him now, must be under a Necessity

cessity of forfeiting his Understanding, and labour under the same Deprivation of Mind as the Philosopher of old did, who maintained that Snow was black, Fire cold, and Pain Pleasure.

The Fate of this Kingdom entirely depends on the speedy Accomplishment of the three following great Ends: The Dismission of all weak incompetent Men from the Helm, a general national Oeconomy, and the Humiliation of the *French* Fleet. The two last Circumstances can never take Place, unless the first Measure is previously adopted. The old Leaven suffered to remain, will infallibly corrupt the whole Mass, and terminate in Destruction. The Times demand Vigour, Spirit, and Decision. The deplorable and reduced State of the Finance, requires the utmost Attention to the Expenditure of the publick Money; nothing less than the Ability and Honesty of a *Sully* can possibly save us. If the *Bourbon* Flag is permitted triumphantly to ride the Ocean this Year as it was last, this Nation instantly loses all its Consequence and Importance by Sea, and labours under the monthly Dread of becoming a foreign Conquest. It was the Navy that first raised us from a paltry insignificant Island, to a great flourishing Kingdom. The Navy now must redeem us in this Hour of Peril. *Delenda est Carthago* was the patriot Doctrine of *Rome*. The Humiliation of the *French* Fleet is the true patriot Principle of this Country. The *Carthaginians* were wholly a commercial People. The great God of their Affections was Money; here centered all their Endeavours; this was the attractive Loadstone of the Nation. They were proud of their Navy, vain and presumptuous on their former Successes by Sea, and deeming themselves the peculiar Favourites of *Neptune*, they thought themselves invincible. Every Thing was venal at *Carthage*, publick Offices were bought and sold like Commodities in the Market. The great Appointments to Army and Navy, were granted according to Connection and Influence, not according to Merit. They were insolent in Prosperity, but mean and dispirited in Distress. The national Debt was enormous, and perpetually increasing, from the improvident Management of the Directors, but the Wealth
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of Individuals was immense. The publick Spirit, which originally raised them to Empire, was totally extinguished, and the Commonwealth was nothing but a Hot-bed, teeming with Faction. The *Romans* were brave, united, and enterprizing; Contemners of Wealth and Traffick, but Bigots and Enthusiasts to Honour and military Reputation. The Spur to the *Carthaginian* was Lucre, the Spur to the *Roman* was Fame. A mutual Antipathy prevailed between the two Nations.

It would be degrading my Countrymen most signally, to compare them with *Carthaginians*; and it would be exalting *Frenchmen* far beyond their Merits, to call them *Romans*: But is there not some Similitude of Character between the different Nations? If the great Outlines are not perfectly correspondent, are there not striking Likenesses? Are not modern *Englishmen* at least as much devoted to the sordid Principles of Lucre, as they are to the Principles of Honour and Honesty? Are they not strangely corrupted and degenerated of late Years? Do not they presume too much on their former Triumphs by Sea, and are they not too negligent of their present precarious insular Situation?

Is not the Kingdom distracted by Party? Hath Merit its proper Patronage? Doth not a ductile Majority carry every Point, however inimical to the Interest of the Country, that the Wantonness of Power can dictate, or the Caprice of Office suggest? Are the Country Gentlemen thoroughly awakened from their Dream of *American* Conquest? Do they properly consider on what slippery Ground the Constitution stands? The rankest Prejudice must allow, that the *French* are a brave and gallant People. The great martial Qualities, Temperance and Resolution, they possess in an eminent Degree. Their Resources are prodigious, their Oeconomy exemplary. They hate the *English* as bad as the *Carthaginians* did the *Romans*, and have vowed our Destruction. This Nation hath been for Centuries the chief controuling Spoke in the Wheel of *French* Ambition, and we have plunged them into the Dust more than once. The conscious Recollection irritates them to Revenge, and they all pant for Retaliation. Their Mode
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of Politicks is greatly altered of late Years: The romantick Idea of continental Conquest hath totally subsided, and the Conquest of *England* is the directing Plan of the Cabinet. They know that nothing can accomplish this End but a superior Navy; this Point they labour unremittingly; here rests all their Pride and Ambition. Are not these alarming Truths? Should they not rouse *Englishmen* into Vigilance and Attention? Or will they still sleep on the Brink of a Precipice?

A great Nation should never despond, in the most calamitous Circumstances; it is shameful even in an Individual. This Country is yet redeemable, hath Resources which, if stretched to their full Magnitude of Force, will restore the State to its ancient Vigour and Splendor. It is not the Disorder, dangerous as it is, that will ruin us; it is the bungling Physician, unacquainted with proper Remedies, who will undo us if longer employed: It is not the heavy Load of Misfortune, incumbent on the Nation, that will sink it; it is the unfortunate Hand that hath brought these Misfortunes on us, that will finally bury us, if still permitted to hold the Direction.

New Measures will naturally accompany the Appointment of new Men; Confidence will succeed to Despondency; good Spirits are strong Symptoms of ensuing Success. Armies of Soldiers will cheerfully undertake the most hazardous Enterprizes, under able and prudent Generals; but when they know they are commanded by effeminate pusillanimous Officers, they go reluctantly to the Field, and scarce ever accomplish any thing great and conspicuous. It is the same with Nations: If the People have a Confidence in their Governors, they will exert every Nerve of their Abilities to support them; but when they know them by fatal Experience to be weak and imprudent, when bad Management, and a long Series of Unsuccess, loudly trumpet their Inability to the World, they pay their Money with Murmuring and Discontent, and foredoom every Undertaking to certain Miscarriage, influenced by the strong prepossessing Idea of antecedent Misconduct. They reason well. The present Moment is important. No honest

nest Man should be silent or inactive. Lukewarmness is the Child of Phlegm and Diffidence, and ought to be universally abominated. The very Existence of the Country is at Stake. The *Bourbon* Spirit is sufficiently known. It is their fixed determined Plan to humble the *British* Nation. Supineness and Disunion will infallibly ruin us. Ambition and Contention amongst the great, for the Emoluments of Government, hath been the primary Cause of the Ruin of most Nations; it destroyed the *Grecian* Commonwealth, it pulled down imperial *Rome*, and hath long been the Curse of this Nation. It is Time now to give this Matter up. The Business at present is *pro Aris & Focis*. Necessity must be the Parent of Reformation. It would be prudent to listen to the Voice of the People; they unanimously require Redress, however they may differ in the Mode of Application, it is incumbent on their Delegates to enforce their Petitions. There is a Fund of good Sense still existing in this Country, that cannot suffer itself much longer to be trifled with. The Situation we are in, justifies the most dismal Apprehensions, and calls for all the combined Strength, Resolution, and Judgment that is left in the Kingdom. One common Danger creates one common Interest. However widely we may differ in point of Rank and Fortune, we are all on Equality in this momentous Consideration, in being Members of the same Constitution, in being under a mutual Obligation to serve our Country, and in being *Englishmen*. The proudest Nobleman in the Kingdom weighs no heavier in the Balance of Freedom, than the meanest Freeholder, as an Individual, and independent of Influence. National Bankruptcy is of trivial Concern, when compared with the infinitely more dreadful Consideration of national Slavery.

It hath been asserted with Confidence, but not with any great Compass of Knowledge in History, or Judgment in the Revolutions and Changes of Mens Tempers and Manners, that there is a certain something in the Genius of this Island that can never submit to Slavery; that there is a certain Spirit belonging to an *Englishman*, so indignant on the most distant Apprehensions of Subjugation, that can never be extinguished. This Principle is

laudable, as long as it serves to keep up the Tone and Vigour of the Constitution, and contributes to animate the Courage of Individuals; but when it operates as an Opiate on the Feelings of the People, and lulls them into a fatal Security and Inattention, on the vain Presumption of being superior to all the World in Merit and Manhood, it is big with dreadful Consequences, and is a flat Contradiction to Fact and Truth. Did not the *Romans* seize the Island? Have we not been invaded by *Danes* and *Saxons*? Are we not now the contaminated Relicts of the *Norman* Conquest? When was this Nation in such imminent Danger of becoming a foreign Acquisition? Have we not the whole formidable House of *Bourbon* to oppose us, and still to accumulate our Distresses, the Weight of *America* thrown into the adverse Scale? Where is the Genius and Spirit of ancient *Greece*? What is become of their Heroes, Sages, and Orators? They are menial Servants to the grand *Turk*. Where are the *Cato's* and *Scipio's* of *Rome*? Are they not now singing on the *British* Theatre? Do not they groan under ecclesiastical and civil Tyranny?

It behoves us likewise to be alert and vigilant in our present Situation, and not flumber with the Dagger of Destruction at our Throats. To presume on past Success, and quondam Merit, is the Dotage of old Age. Decisive Conduct and manly Resolution alone can save us. There have been many untoward Circumstances; which have happened in the Course of a few Years, which have greatly contributed to precipitate our Humiliation, and mark us with the Brand of Reprobation. The flagitious Affectation of laughing at every Effort of national Virtue, and the settled Purpose of a certain Body of Men to decry and hunt down every Attempt to publick Reformation, the Moment that it hath started up, are melancholy Symptoms of bad Times, and give dismal Assurances of a strange and rapid Alteration in the Tempers and Dispositions of this once candid and liberal-minded Nation.

Fevers are sometimes advantageous to the human System: They purge and carry off the peccant Humours of the Body, cleanse the
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Constitution, and restore the Patient to Health and Vigour. Convulsions in States have frequently the same salubrious Effects: They act like Thunder on corrupted Air, and purify by Agitation and Tumult. To this Principle we are indebted for our present Tenure of Freedom. A Fracture consolidated, gains double Strength. It is possible that the Situation we are in may produce a Reformation, a Change of Men and Measures, which may ultimately be of Service to the Cause of Liberty. But will this distant Idea give Absolution to the Authors of our present Calamities? Is it wise still to keep them in Employment? Is not the national Verdict of Incapacity unanimously against them?

The damnable heretical Doctrine that hath been so industriously spread and widely disseminated over the Kingdom, that the K--- is his own M-----, is apparently the Imp of State Finesse. It is an insidious Attempt to take off Culpability from the official Servant, and lay it on the Shoulders of the Master. Responsibility must exist somewhere. The K--- is exempted by the Constitution. The Delicacy of the Law takes great Care of the Person of the Prince, and absolves him from Government-Errors, where Fundamentals are not concerned. Responsibility, therefore, resteth totally on the M-----. They are accountable for all Mismanagement. To them must be imputed the Loss of *America*, the Capture of the Islands, the Decrease of Trade, the alarming Magnitude of the *French* Fleet, the Accumulation of Taxes, the Ferment in the Nation for Redress, the Diminution of Property by the Downfall of Rents, the Scarcity of Specie, with all the huge Train of Ills that oppress and almost weigh down the Nation.

The *Scotch* Doctrine, or rather the ingenious *Scotch* Comment, on the Sacredness of the Civil List, and the insidious Attempt to give it the Stability and Permanency of private Property, might have gained Profelytes in the rank Days of the *Stuarts*, but must meet with the Abomination of every modern *Englishman*, who pins his political Creed of the Revolution, and wishes well to the future Welfare of this Country. The hottest Bed of passive
Obedience

Obedience and Non-resistance never produced an Idea of more malignant Tendency. It contains more Despotism in it than the pretended Right of Ship-Money by *Charles*, or than the usurped dispensing Power of *James*. It is the very Spem and Quintessence of Jacobitism. If a sensible and frugal P----- has no Power of cancelling the Decrees of a venal and improvident P-----, there is at once an End of the *British* Constitution. Suppose, for Instance, the present good-natured P----- should increase the Civil List to two Millions a Year, would not a future P----- have a Right to abrogate this Act? Can there exist a Doubt on this Point? It is therefore in the Power of P----- either to increase or diminish the Civil List, as it shall appear to them most expedient for the Welfare of the Country.

The supreme Authority of this Kingdom, after the Abdication of *James*, consisted in the Majority of the two Houses. They gave the Crown to *William* conditionally. His Successors hold the Tenure of Royalty on the same Principles, and that is on mutual Compact. It is no Dishonour to the K--- to be called the Servant of the People; it is by far a more glorious Title than that of great Mogul or grand Signior. He is as much obliged by the Spirit and Letter of the Constitution, not to abuse his Authority, as the People are obligated to Loyalty.

The foolish Ambition and indecent Eagerness in the Tools of Power, to erect the Partition-Wall between King's Friends and the Body of the People, is a most dangerous Schism in the political Doctrine of this Country, productive of much Mischief, and hath greatly contributed to agitate and inflame the Nation. Are not K--- and People as intimately blended together as Body and Soul? Is it possible to be the Friend of one, without being at the same Time the Friend of the other? Is not this Faction in its first Vehemence, to presume to a Monopoly of the good Opinion of the ----? Doth not the unlucky Distinction make him a Party Man, the worst possible Character in an *English* M-----? Doth it not make him the insignificant Head of a paltry Junto, who ought to be the Commander in Chief, and the Life and Soul of one

one co-operating Whole? To declare with S----- that the K--- hath not Influence enough, is to swear that the *Roman* Catholick Religion hath not Pomp and Ceremony enough in it. To affirm that the K--- is the only Patriot in the Kingdom, is the grossest Defamation on the Dignity of the People, and the most atrocious Insult on Majesty, that ever escaped the Lips of the most virulent Enthusiast of Party. Is it any Glory to be Chief over a worthless Banditti? Is it any Compliment to the K--- to make him Supreme over a Set of Wretches divested of Probity, with not one Ray of virtuous Accomplishment belonging to them? Was there ever published a Libel of more complicated Malignity? Political Jealousy is the Zest and Spirit of the *English* Constitution; it keeps the component Parts of the State active and alive, which otherwise might become rusty and inert.

Much hath been said of the Licentiousness of the Press: It is productive of infinitely more Good than it is of Evil. It may hurt the Individual, but it is the Preservative of the Publick. It may wound Merit, but it is the Whetstone of Liberty. It is the only Awe-commanding Rod, that hangs over the Head of proud overbearing Authority, which always naturally tends to Despotism. It is the popular Alarum, that rouses the Watchmen of the State, calls them to Duty, and subjugates their Conduct to Scrutiny. Would it be prudent in *Egypt* to complain of her *Nile* because it produces Monsters as well as Fertility and Plenty? Would it be wise in an Inhabitant of the Earth to damn the Sun, because it ripens Poisons as well as Flowers, because it brings forth the deadly Nightshade as well as Wine, Oil, and Corn?

The Idea of totally abolishing Crown Influence, is a wild Solecism in Politicks: As long as there exists an Authority in the Crown to nominate to Offices, there must exist an Influence. Influence is the necessary incidental Consequence of Appointment. The Monster Prerogative was quelled at the Revolution, and stript of its most malignant Properties. Another Monster, equally tremendous in Mien and Aspect to the Genius of this Island, hath since that Period grown up, and like a huge Colossus bestrides
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the Kingdom at large, and will infallibly crush the Remains of Liberty, unless speedily checked. This is the Monster of official Influence. Every new Tax gives Vigour to it, every Increase in the Army or Navy widens its Circumference. It grew up with the national Debt, and hath swelled in the same Proportion of Magnitude. A free and independent Parliament is the Fondling of Idea, but I fear can never be the Child of Reality, it is impossible; as long as lucrative Appointments are in the Power of the Crown, the Spirit of Influence must operate. Divest the Crown of the Power of official Appointments, and you instantly annihilate all its Authority. It is the Business of Freedom, therefore, to narrow this enormous Power as much as possible, as far as is consistent with the Dignity of Prerogative. It is the Business of Freedom to abolish all unnecessary Offices, to strike off all useless unmerited Pensions, to exclude all Dependants on the Crown from the Legislature, particularly to shorten the Period of Representation. Short Representation is the Life and Soul of Liberty. Corruption hath not such Opportunities of feathering her Nest, and striking deep Root. For this Reason triennial Parliaments are better calculated for the Cause of Liberty than septennial. The *Athenian Senate* was chosen annually, and that of *Venice* the same. The Deputies that compose the States of *Holland* are revocable at Pleasure. To obviate the dangerous Consequences of long Representation, after the Revolution was established the triennial Act. The Restlessness of Party and Popish Intrigue made it then expedient to extend that, but why all subsequent Parliaments to seven Years? It was then contended, that the Preservation of the Protestant Succession demanded that Measure; but that being now most amply secured in the present Family, what decent Reason can be given for the Continuation of the septennial Act? Doth it not directly militate against the Spirit of the Constitution? Doth it not greatly contribute to the Propagation of Influence? Is it not a manifest Depredation on the Liberty of the Subject? Parliaments are Blessings or Curses, in Proportion to their good or bad Conduct. They operate on
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the Body politick, as Mercury does on the Body natural; in the Hands of an able Practitioner, it works Wonders, and is productive of the most salubrious Effects; but under the Direction of an ignorant Quack, or vain Empirick, what Havock and Devastation doth it occasion in the Constitution of the tortured Patient? There are certain stated Rules by which the Merit or Demerit of Parliaments may be easily ascertained; when all their Acts and Resolutions are manifestly calculated for the Good of the Community; when no more of the publick Money is granted than is necessary for the Interest, Honour, and Reputation of the Kingdom; when Enquiries into the State of the Nation are not only suffered but encouraged by the M-----r; when plain and distinct Accounts of the Expenditure of the annual Supplies are regularly delivered in, and readily granted when called for; when Members, though in Office, show their Independence by dividing against the Court Party in unconstitutional Questions, and are not turned out of their Places merely for giving a Vote according to their Conscience; these are strong Proofs of an honest well-meaning Parliament, and an upright A-----n: But when they implicitly follow the Mandates of one Man; when, like a Flock of Sheep, they tamely and determinately follow the Belweather of the Herd in every Motion, in all Directions right or left, backwards or forwards, through thick and thin; when they lavishly give away the People's Money, without Examination and due Consideration of the Expediency and Necessity of the Grant; when they precipitately rush into unjustifiable Wars, without reflecting on the possible fatal Consequences; when they do all in their Power to exalt the Prerogative, and depress the Franchises of the People; are they not rather Curses than Blessings? What shall we say of the Parliament that made Royal Edicts equivalent in Power to Acts of Legislature? Of that which knocked down Monarchy and Episcopacy at a Blow, and voted themselves perpetual? Of the pensioned Parliament of *Charles* the Second, that so zealously propagated the slavish Doctrine of passive Obedience and Non-resistance?

To say that the present ----- is the most venal and prostituted that ever disgraced the Annals of this Country, would undoubtedly and with Reason be deemed the Malice and Madness of Party; but this we may venture to affirm, with the Evidence of Truth on our Behalf, that few have been more complaisant to the Solicitations of the M-----, and none so profuse in Grants to the Demands of the Treasury.

It will probably be supposed by the Reader of the above Observations, that the Author is a sanguine Minority Man, and far gone in the Phrenzy of Party; by no Means, he hath no particular Connection with any one Set of Men, and repudiates the Idea of being a Slave to any one System. It is his Opinion, that the Man who precipitately runs into the Extremes of either Line, must forfeit the Integrity of his Understanding, if not resign his Honesty. There are doubtless Men of Sense, Candour, and Spirit, both in and out of Power. There are Tories who would not wish to stretch the Prerogative into Despotism; and there are Whigs who would not wish to castrate Royalty into the Insignificance of a Doge of *Venice*.

To plunge headlong into any political Sect with the same blind Resignation and passive Obedience as a credulous Monk does into his Order, shows a Tameness of Spirit derogatory to the Dignity of Man. When the two leading Parties draw such violent Lengths as to endanger a Convulsion of the State, it is most devoutly to be wished by every unprejudiced Man, that a third Party would start up, able and willing to save the Nation, and rescue it out of the Hands of evident Ignorance on the one Side, and perhaps too much popular Presumption on the other. It is immaterial to the People who governs them, whether a R-----m, a S-----ne, a N-----, the D--n of G-----r, or J--- K--ch, provided they are ably and honestly governed. Judgment and Spirit are neither Whig nor Tory, are the Monopoly of no Party, but the joint Patrimony of all *Englishmen*. More Respect must be had to Merit, and less Attention paid to Gradation, if we would wish to emerge from the Gulph of Inconsequence we are now sunk into.

Search

Search then for Merit wherever it is to be found; the Necessity of the Times never demanded a larger Produce. Take it from the Dunghill, if it cannot be found in Palaces. If his ----- could find a *Marlbrough* or a *Wolfe* skulking amongst the Serjeants of his Guards, would it be any Dishonour to the Commander in Chief to be superseded by a Man of such singular Eminence? If he could find a *Neckar* in the lowest Ranks of the Treasury, would it not be prudent in him to make him first Lord of the Treasury? Too much Attachment to Precedence, and the Etiquette of the Service, hath been the fatal Rock on which many of our Undertakings have split. Ridiculous is the Idea, that long training alone will make an accomplished Officer. What training had *Julius Cæsar* before he was near forty? In what military School did *Cromwell* receive his Education previous to his Command in the Parliament Army? Men may outlive their Judgment, Spirit, and Reputation. It is possible for the same Man to be an *Achilles* at thirty, and a mere *Thersites* at fifty. To be such Bigots to regular Succession as to devolve the Command of Fleets and Armies on Age and Infirmary, on Gout and Lethargy, merely out of Respect to Seniority, is to expect Agility in Paralyticks, Vigour in Impotency, and clear Intellects in Lunaticks.

It was a glorious Observation of *Henry of Castile*, that he feared the Curse of the People more than he did the Arms of his Enemies. It would be proper to attend to the Excellence of this Saying; it contains wholesome Admonition. The whole End of Government is the Felicity of the People. There is a Family Compact equally obligatory between the Party governing and the Party governed. To endeavour to dissolve this Compact between them, is high Treason against the Majesty of both. When once Loyalty sinks into Indifference, it soon rankles into Hatred; Hatred naturally begets Hatred. Resentment may produce Tyranny, and Rage may excite Rebellion. National Discontent hath been the Parent of Revolutions.

Tory Administrations have been ever fatal to the Welfare of this Country. The Tory Doctrine ascended the Throne with the pedant *James*, and flourished through the whole of that pusillanimous Reign with wonderful Increase. How aptly was he denominated by the cotemporary Potentates the wisest royal Fool in Christendom? A Tory Administration brought *Charles* the First to the Block. A Tory Administration would have willingly made his Successor absolute. Tory Principles precipitated *James* into all his Popish arbitrary Measures. A Tory Junto concluded the inglorious Peace at the latter End of *Queen Anne's* Reign. Toryism negotiated the Peace of *Paris*, and hath governed this Country ever since that memorable Period. Can there be more damning Proofs of the Inability of this Sect to manage national Affairs? Should Men of this political Creed be any longer trusted to and employed? Yes, say their Advocates, and they argue thus: Opposition is nothing but a factious Combination for Place and Authority: Though the Salvation of the State is the specious Pretence, lucrative Employment is the attracting Object: Moreover, it is clear that it is the Intention of Opposition to dismember the Prerogative, and to new-model the Constitution: These being undoubted Facts, would it not be Madness in the S-----n to trust himself and Kingdom, in this tempestuous Conjunction, to the rotten Plank of Opposition, that most probably will sink them both, and desert his old stanch Friends, who are able and willing to serve both? This is directly the Argument of the ingenious Highwayman to the Traveler, Pray, Sir, leave your Watch and Money in my Hands, or else by G— you will be robbed. *Cromwell's* Friends argued exactly in the same Manner. They maintained that it was absolutely necessary for the Good of the State that he should be invested with supreme uncontrollable Authority, in order to subdue Faction, and to keep out *Charles Stuart*. Was not this deliberately cutting the Throat of the Constitution, for fear it should perish in worse Hands? Was not this committing the greatest, possible, real, national Ill, to avoid a remote and conjecturable Ill, never likely to happen?

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The Parliament, after the Restoration, argued with the same Weight of Reason, and in the same honest constitutional Spirit. It is expedient, observed these zealous Loyalists, that the King should have the Power of levying Supplies, and taxing the Kingdom *ad libitum* by his own Authority alone, to avoid the Danger of relapsing once more into an odious tyrannick Commonwealth. Would not this Resolution, if it had taken Place, have made him more absolute than the *Turk*? Would it not have crushed the Constitution at a Blow? Is not the worst constituted Republick in the World far preferable to established Despotism? Shall we then tamely submit to inevitable Ruin, without seeking for a Remedy to save ourselves? Shall Millions be sacrificed to the Stubbornness and Caprice of a few interested Individuals? The present System must infallibly ruin us, any other might possibly save us. The Mystery of Government is not so great as some People apprehend. There are but three Requisites necessary to make a good Minister of State, and these are Judgment, Courage, and common Honesty. Surely there are Numbers of Men in this Kingdom who possess these Qualities in an eminent Degree; Men who have never been held up to the Publick as gifted with uncommon Endowments.

If the Rage of Party, and the melancholy Singularity of the Times, will not permit us to rely on any one particular Set of Men for Salvation, choose an A-----n by Ballot: A Change at all Events is absolutely necessary. The State cannot much longer exist in its present weak distracted Condition. A Change from bad to good is most devoutly to be wished, by every honest Man in the Kingdom; but a Change from the worst possible Situation into any Situation, must undoubtedly be for the better. There are many weighty Considerations that powerfully press this Measure. *America* will not accommodate with the present Men, but might possibly be persuaded into reasonable Terms by the Mediation of a new Direction. The *Bourbon* Family profess great Esteem and Reverence for their Abilities, and most sincerely wish they may long continue in the Regency of this Country. Can there

there be two more powerful and substantial Reasons alledged for *Englishmen* to reprobate and execrate them? The People can have no Confidence in them, scared and petrified with the dreadful Retrospect of their past Conduct. The monied Men esteem them, as Sharpers and Gamblers do rich Heirs and young Prodigals, merely with a View of making them their Culls and Dupes; the landed Gentleman damns them for sinking his Property at least one-fourth. The Army and Navy judge of their future by their past Conduct. All *Europe* beholds with Astonishment, not with Pity, the humiliated State of this once illustrious Nation, totally effectuated by employing such contemptible Instruments. The ---- himself, *ex animo*, must despise them for stripping the royal Eagle of his noblest Plumage, and leaving him nothing but the emaciated Carcase of LITTLE, I wish I could with Propriety call it GREAT-Britain, to subsist on.

The *Dutch* are too wise and politick to associate themselves with a sinking Cause. The Empress of *Russia*, instead of assisting us, hath claimed the Supremacy of the Sea. These Circumstances united together form such a Mass, such a Weight of Reasons against the Expediency and Propriety of pursuing the same ruinous Plans that have hitherto been persisted in, that nothing but most consummate Infatuation both in ---- and People can possibly resist them. There is a Crisis in the Health of the Body politick, as well as in the Body natural; when the Disease is at the Height, the Patient soon mends, or dies. Thank God, the People are rouzed, the Danger of an Apoplexy is over. The Life-blood begins to circulate through the Constitution, and animate the whole System. The long stagnated Water of Patience is at last put into Motion, and if not speedily and judiciously calmed, most probably may work itself into a Storm. The Consequences may be dreadful. The Sacrifice of a Minister may possibly not appease it. All Men complain, all Men suffer, all Men are alarmed; Resentment rages high, the Clouds gather thick from all Quarters, and seem big with some dreadful Event.

It is the Observation of the wisest Man this Kingdom ever produced, that Discontentments are in the Body politick like to Humours in the natural, which are apt to gather preternatural Heat, and to inflame. Let no Prince measure the Danger, whether they be just or unjust, for that were to imagine People too reasonable, who do often spurn at their own Good; nor yet by this, whether the Grievs whereupon they rise be in fact great or small, for they are the most dangerous Discontentments where the Fear is greater than the Feeling. *Dolendi modus timendi non item.* Neither let any Prince or State be secure concerning Discontentments, because they have been often, or have been long, and yet no Peril hath ensued; for as it is true, that every Vapour or Fume doth not turn into a Storm, so it is nevertheless true, that Storms, though they blow over often, yet may fall at last; and as the *Spanish* Proverb noteth well, *The Cord breaketh at the last with the weakest Pull.*

Deplorable is the Situation of Government, when Poison becomes the only Remedy that can save it, and Death and Dissolution the only Means of restoring it to Health and Vigour. May this Country never again experience the dreadful Necessity of such desperate Remedies. The very Idea is shocking. I shall now take the Liberty of subjoining the political Creed of an honest *Englishman*, who feels for his Country, and most sincerely wishes it all possible Success.

It is his Opinion, that the civil Constitution of this Kingdom, consisting of the regal, noble, and popular Division, is the best Model of Government in the World, and far superior to any thing we read of in *Grecian* or *Roman* History. It is the Duty, it is a Part of the Religion of every *Englishman*, to keep these constituent Parts in due Proportion, and just Symmetry of Order, not suffering one to trespass on the other in Essentials, without the most determined Opposition. He is not yet arrived to that Altitude of Patriotism as to suppose, with some modern Zealots, that it is possible for the same Man to be a most consummate Knave in private Life, and an immaculate Saint in Politics. Can a
Man

Man with Propriety be called religious, who daily, nay hourly, violates the Ten Commandments? It is very common for young Men of Spirit to be unthinking, wild, and extravagant; and there are many Instances of Men of this Cast recovering themselves, and becoming shining Ornaments of the Community they have belonged to: But a Man who is deliberately and systematically infamous at five and twenty, making no Scruple to prostitute his Honour, forfeit his Word, and to use every scandalous Method to promote his dirty Purposes, nothing but a Miracle can make honest in the subsequent Part of his Life. However instrumental these Men may be in promoting a good Cause (and instrumental they may be by their Abilities) it would be Weakness supreme to trust them with the superior Departments of Government. *Naturam expellas furca licet usque recurret.* Would it have been prudent in the *Romans* to have made *Catiline* their Dictator? He professeth an Abhorrence to all popular Commotions, merely for the Sake of perplexing Government; but would prefer Days of Anarchy to Days of Despotism, as there are Hopes of Recovery from the first, but none from the last dreadful Malady. He would rather wish that every Drop of Blood in the Kingdom should be spilt, than to have it governed by a *Tiberius*, or even an *Augustus*. He reveres the Wisdom of our Ancestors; that established annual Parliaments, but is free to declare, that *in facie Romuli* he thinks triennial better adapted to the Temper and Disposition of the Times. A septennial Parliament hath been the rank Nurse of all the political Ills this Country labours under. Loyalty is undoubtedly the Duty of every *Englishman*; but with humble Submission, he supposes it to be possible for an *English* Subject to be too loyal. To explain: He thinks it possible for a King's Friend to have a greater Attachment to the Interest of his Master than is consistent with the Well-being and Spirit of the Constitution. Were not *Laud* and *Strafford* too loyal to *Charles* the First? Was not *Wolfey* too loyal to *Harry* the Eighth? However insultingly Foreigners may talk of the Disesteem and Irreverence which *Englishmen* show to their S-----n, it is evident from
History,

History, that more Ills have happened to this Country from the intemperate unconstitutional Zeal of Individuals, to promote the Interest of particular Families, than have ever been occasioned by popular Commotions. What Injury did the *Gavestons* and *Spencers* do to this Country? What dreadful Havock did *Tresilian* and *Jefferies* commit on the Lives and Properties of the Subjects of this Kingdom? Were the Insurrections of *Tyler* and *Cade* half so destructive, half so subversive of Liberty? The People of *England* he thinks to be neither deficient in Spirit or Understanding; is it not then Madness, or something worse, to treat them as if they had neither Sense to feel, or Spirit to resent? There is a huge Difference between the sudden Tumult of a riotous Mob, and the calm regular Convulsion of a whole Kingdom: The first is easily quelled, but the last is big with dangerous Possibilities.

It hath been observed by a sensible Foreigner, that the Constitution of this Country must be immortal, because a wise People cannot be enslaved by an Enemy at Home, nor a free People by an Enemy Abroad. *Rome* perished, and was it possible for her to subsist? Her Plan was universal Conquest, but not Preservation. *England* is arrived to such a Pass, as to be impossible for her to perish, because Revolutions, which might have been the Bane of her System, have served only to complete it. The Time seems to be approaching, which probably may put to the Test the Veracity of this Observation. One thing is certain, there never was a Period in the *English* History when Unanimity was more necessary than the present. There never was a Period when the Foe was so strong, and so determined against us. There never was a Period when domestick Distraction run so high. May the Genius of the Island preserve us; may the Understanding of the ---- be so far enlightened, as to choose the best and choicest Spirits of the Realm to pilot us through the impending Storm, and bring the tattered Vessel of *Britannia* safe into Port.

It is possible after all, that there may be still Multitudes of People in this Kingdom so far forsaken by common Sense, so buried in Prejudice, as to expect no Salvation out of the Pale of

the present Direction, no Redemption but in present Men and Measures. Doubtless there is as much Blindness and Prostitution of Understanding in the political as in the religious Creed. A Member of the Church of *England* can clearly see the Absurdity of the Popish Doctrine of Infallibility, can laugh at the vain Parade and overloaded Ceremonials of that ostentatious Sect, calculated merely to amuse and mislead their deluded Followers, and to gain Proselytes; but the zealous *Romanist* esteems every Article to be the very Essence of Truth, and the pure unadulterated Mandate of the Gospel. Every *Englishman*, gifted with the common Portion of Intellect usually bestowed on Man by Providence, can see and deplores the wretched Situation of this Country, and consequently imputes all our Calamities to its true Cause, to weak Men, and injudicious Measures; but the Bigot to A-----n will still maintain its Infallibility, and against the clear Evidence of his Senses, against a heavy Load of crying Facts, will still continue to think them the ablest and best accomplished Men in the Kingdom. Whole Nations may be guilty of Suicide, as well as Individuals; whole Nations may labour under a wretched Dereliction of Understanding. The *Cappadocians* refused Liberty when offered to them by the *Romans*. The *Jews* had Eyes but could not see, they had Ears but could not hear, Intellects but could not comprehend. Doubtless there is a Providence that presides over the Welfare of Nations, as well as over that of Individuals. If the People of *England* should be so weak and pusillanimous, and the ---- so unthinking, as to suffer the same dreadful System to prevail which hath so long governed us, we may fairly conclude, that we are a devoted Nation, forsaken by Heaven, and that something more than human Folly impels us to Destruction.

*Quod procul à nobis flectat Fortuna gubernans,
Et ratio potius quam res persuadeat ipsa.* LUCRET.

A N
I N V O C A T I O N
T O T H E
G E N I U S O F E N G L A N D :
W I T H A
Word of A D V I C E to the C--- M-----.

GENIUS of *England*, who, in gloomy Hour,
 Hast ever friendly sent thy guardian Pow'r;
 Who, when the Nation on Perdition's Brink,
 Hath tottering shook, just on the Point to sink,
 Hast still vouchsaf'd thy kind propitious Aid,
 The Blow suspended, and the Ruin stay'd,
 With languid Eyes, and weak exhausted Hands,
 Lo! at thy Feet *Britannia* bleeding stands:
 To thee she bends, exert thy Mass of Strength,
 Stretch every Fibre to its utmost Length;
 Let Emulation rouse each glowing Soul,
 Let keen Resentments o'er each Bosom roll.
 Ne'er since the Time of *Hastings'* bloody Day,
 Did this vex'd Island feel such drear Dismay.
 Ne'er did the Planets, big with angry Fate,
 Frown with such dismal Aspects o'er the State.
 When did Court Influence with a Tide so strong
 Roll on, and drown all Sense of Right and Wrong?
 When did the Treasury feed such Herds of Slaves?
 When was the Crop so great of Contract K-----?

When did Taxation with such Giant Pride
 Besride the Realm, and o'er the People ride?
 When did Profusion with such lavish Hand
 The Nation drain, and squeeze th' exhausted Land?
 Lo! from the North of Hope one cheerful Ray
 Breaks forth, and promises benigner Day;
 The Spirit moves, the Ardour gathers round,
 The Nation's rouzed from her Sleep profound;
 The neighb'ring Counties catch the spreading Flame,
 The Mode, tho' different, still the View the same,
 With one united Voice Redress they claim. }
 All damn Taxation's high increasing Load,
 The tamest Ox resents the too-keen Goad.

The *Pull* be long, and strong, now pull with all,
 See! at your Feet *Corruption's Hydra* fall.
 See! heal'd *Britannia*, cur'd of ev'ry Wound,
 Spring like *Antæus* strength'n'd from the Ground.
 See! new-born Health relume her gladd'n'd Face,
 And wonted Valour wash out past Disgrace.
 Old Father *Thames* once more, with swelling Pride,
 On thy smooth Wave shall busy Commerce ride:
 Once more shall Credit rear her lofty Head,
 And o'er the Funds her strong Palladium spread.
 Soon the *French* Lilies their sick Heads shall droop,
 Soon the proud Dons to *British* Valour stoop.

Rouze, -----, rouze, nor longer take the Nap
 Of lull'd Security in Folly's Lap.
 Rouze from thy lengthen'd Dream, the Yoke disdain,
 And boldly burst the ministerial Chain.
 Let thy brave Ancestors exalt thy Soul,
 Dare be a K---, dare act without Controul.
 Give up to Vengeance, and the publick Hate,
 The Drones and Wasps of the long-harass'd State.
 Probe the sick Treasury with keen searching Hand,
 And crush the hungry Vermin of the Land;

Touch the rank Junto with Ithuriel's Spear,
 Soon in their Shapes the Devils will appear,
 In blazing Day will stand th' infernal Crew,
 With their black Hearts all open unto View,
 Like an old Lion worn out in the Strife,
 Drawn to the flimsy Dregs of ebbing Life.
 Lo! at thy Feet, in Majesty of Grief,
 Thy mangled Country bends, and begs Relief;
 Exert thy Pow'r, call all thy Virtue forth,
 Let steady Conduct mark the Man of Worth.
 With bold *Herculean* Arm the Task complete,
 And cleanse th' *Augean* Stable of the State.
Britannia calls thee by her dearest Claim,
 Her wounded Honour, and her injur'd Fame.
 She calls thee by the Regent of the Deep,
 Let not Attention o'er the Summons sleep.
 Dismiss thy Slaves, thy proud Basbas depose,
 Obey thy People, heal the Nation's Woes.
 Give up the Men by whose inglorious Sway
 The crumbling Empire's fritter'd to Decay;
 Eternal Blunder reprobates the Clan,
 And sure Disgrace condemns each futile Plan:
 O'er their dim Eyes the Mist of Error's thrown,
 Infatuation marks them for her own.
 Undone by -----, see! bleeding *Albion* stands,
 Like old *Briarius*, lopp'd of half his Hands;
 Torn from the Trunk of the great Parent Tree,
 The mangled Colonies dismember'd see!
 See! the huge Pile of Fame with Toil immense
 Amass'd by *Pitt*, in Freedom's bold Defence,
 Run swift to waste, and mould'ring into Dust,
 Like a crush'd Bubble, see! the Phantom burst.
 Decay of Trade pale Industry disarms,
 Fell Bankruptcy devours the plunder'd Farms:

The

The mournful Labourer quits his once-lov'd Loom,
 Contempt his Lot, and Poverty his Doom.
 The vanquish'd Isles lo! boastful *Bourbon* takes,
 Whilst palsey'd *Britain* like a Changeling shakes.
 Despondency usurps each gloomy Face,
 No Faith, no Confidence, in Men in Place.
 Mutual Mistrust, with sad Forebodings fraught,
 Spreads o'er the Realm the dismal Hue of Thought;
 And pregnant Fancy, big with imag'd Woe,
 Already lost, anticipates the Blow.

These are thy Triumphs, -----, to thee we owe
 This Change of Garland on *Britannia's* Brow;
 Mournful and sad she wears the Willow now,
 So late triumphant with the Laurel Bough,
 So late victorious in War's rude Alarms,
Bellona's Pride, the Flow'r of martial Arms.
Trefilian was the Curse of *Richard's* Reign,
 A venal *Dudley* was old *Harry's* Stain.
 In *Charles's* Days, see! daring *Strafford* urge
 With ruthless Rage the ministerial Scourge.
 In *James's* Reign, see! bloody *Jefferies* drudge,
 Debase the Man, and prostitute the Judge.
 Born to seduce a mercenary Age,
 How subtle *Walpole* swell'd Corruption's Rage?
 Heaven yet unfated with *Britannia's* Woe,
 To make the Cup of Bitterness o'erflow,
 To give the Vengeance an unbounded Sway,
 Produc'd a ----- to darken -----'s Day;
 Scatter'd the dreadful Visitation wide,
 And needs no Rod but ----- to scourge our Pride.
 Is there no chosen Curse by Heav'n inspir'd
 With tenfold Rage, by all the Furies fir'd,
 To blast the Man who in his Country's Spite
 Still perseveres in Wrong, and swears 'tis Right?

Who

Who shuts his Eyes against the broadest Day,
 Still slumbers on, and loves to go astray?
 Proud *Buckingham*, on Tyrant Measures bound,
 Felt gloomy *Felton's* Spleen-directed Wound.
 Plung'd from the Summit of Ambition's Height,
 Like a huge Meteor *Wolfey* sunk to Night.
De Wits, cut off by a tremendous Doom,
 Show'd how an angry People dare presume.

These shine Examples o'er th' historick Page,
 Portentous Warnings to each rolling Age,
 To caution Ministers, and let them know,
 Though Kings protect, Resentment strikes the Blow.
 Say, shall we then despond? in Sorrow's Gloom
 Sink silent down, and trembling wait our Doom?
 Shall *Britain*, passive to th' impending Stroke,
 Like a tame Bullock take the slavish Yoke?
 From this fam'd Isle hath Virtue wing'd her Flight,
 Spread total Darkness round, and dreary Night?
 In this rich Soil, so fertile once in Merit,
 Say, doth there dwell no great superior Spirit?
 No guardian Angel that can ward the Blow,
 Redeem the Country, and repel the Foe?
 Yes, there are Men who still deserve Applause,
 Warm Friends to Truth, and bold in Freedom's Cause,
 Whom Heav'n illumines with more exalted Fire,
 Greatly to dare, and manfully aspire;
 Born to redeem an Age replete with Crimes,
 And make Atonement for the worst of Times;
 Men form'd by Nature to reform the State,
 Stop falling Vengeance, and reverse ev'n Fate.
 Then find them out, in them let all confide,
 Be *Britons* still, the Gods the rest decide.

Rouze, -----, rouze, nor longer take the Nap
 Of lull'd Security in Folly's Lap.

Consult

Consult no M-----r, thy Council call,
 In this black Moment take th' Advice of all:
 Come forward to thy People, let them know
 Thou art a Man, who dares dull Forms forego;
 With Indignation banish from thy Heart
 The Fiend of Party, let the Hag depart;
 On the strong Base of firm Affection stand,
 Old *England's* Genius takes thee by the Hand,
 To Glory leads thee, let Ambition fire
 Thy roused Soul, and like a K--- aspire.
 The Name of B----- once the World could shake,
 And make the Giant Forms of Empire quake.
 Thy Soldiers still are brave, they take Delight
 In War's Alarms, and court the crimson Fight.

Lull'd in the Ashes of a languid Sway,
 The *British* Spirit long long dormant lay,
 Breaks out by Fits and Starts, in vain confin'd,
 Blaz'd at *Omoab*, at *Savannah* shin'd;
 Now sparkles on the Main, with spreading Fame,
 See! gallant *Rodney* catch th' heroick Flame;
 Undaunted by Lee-Shore, by Storm, by Night,
 With godlike Zeal he urg'd the Rage of Fight.
 This shows to what a steady temp'rate Height,
 The Flame would rise, its Motion pointed right.
 The Mass of Pow'r's yet great, we want a *Head* *
 To guide the *Hands*, *Britannia* is misled.
Goliab with his Bulk inertly strong
 Was not a Match for little *David's* Thong.
 Conduct alone distinguishes the Man,
 Fools may be strong, but fall for want of Plan.
 New Men must wield the Thunder of the Realm,
 New Chiefs command, new Pilots guide the Helm.

* The Reader will observe, that the Author means that the Situation of this Country demands an abler M----- at the Head of Affairs.

With better Guides, and happier Councils blest,
Britannia soon shall rear her drooping Crest;
 Her Union Crosses shall triumphant ride
 Once more the Deep, and swell old Ocean's Pride:
 Once more her Lion shall tremendous roar,
 Be heard from Pole to Pole, and shake each trembling Shore.
 Lo! o'er the Isle stern *Neptune* shakes his Rod,
 Observe the Mandates of thy guardian God.
 Increase thy Fleet, the naval Fence prepare,
 Here spend thy Treasure, here expand thy Care;
 Be every Nerve of *British* Worth apply'd
 On this grand Point, to crush the *Gallick* Pride.
Crush them, or they'll crush you, the Dye is cast,
Bourbon or Brunswick must descend at last.
 Peace is insidious, Life but for a Day,
 The Rod suspended falls with heavier Sway:
 A lenient Salve upon a Gangrene plac'd
 Will soothe the Pain, the Ill is not effac'd,
 With Force redoubl'd breaks th' invenom'd Sore,
 Because the Part is rotten at the Core.

Britons awake, revenge your Country's Cause,
 Revere your King, defend your State and Laws.
 Forget your Feuds in one great Plan unite,
 And join once more the red Rose with the white.
 'Tis Glory calls, 'tis Honour sounds th' Alarm,
 In Freedom's Cause let every *Briton* arm;
 Join Hand to Hand, and Breast combine with Breast,
 The God of Battle must decide the rest.
 And sure, if aught the Muse divines aright,
 The righteous Cause should claim the Palm of Fight.
 In vain for Guilt his Sword the brave Man draws,
 Heav'n smiles propitious on an honest Cause.
 Kings are but Men, and Men not always blest
 With God's bright Image stamp'd upon their Breast.

When good, like *Phæbus*, all the World they cheer,
 When bad, the People feel the Scourge severe.
Edward was weak, was stubborn, and undone,
 To sure Destruction ill-starr'd *Richard* run,
 Unhappy *Charles*, the Slave of regal Pride,
 Commenc'd a Tyrant, and the Martyr dy'd.
 The banish'd *James* on Popish Thraldom bent,
 Show'd how an injur'd Nation dares resent.
 Dreadful Examples of the Fates of Kings,
 In drear Array portentous Hist'ry brings.
 But should, which Heav'n forbid, should Error still
 Mislead thy Judgment, and ensnare thy Will;
 Should the same Conduct, the same blasted Cause
 Thy Favour claim, and still extort Applause,
 What dismal Days, what Woes will soon succeed,
 What Scenes of Death, and how must *Albion* bleed?
 I see old *Thames* run purple to the Main,
 See Seas of Blood, and Mountains of the slain;
 See Freedom crush'd beneath a Tyrant's Stroke,
 And *Britons* toiling in a foreign Yoke.

F I N I S



